This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

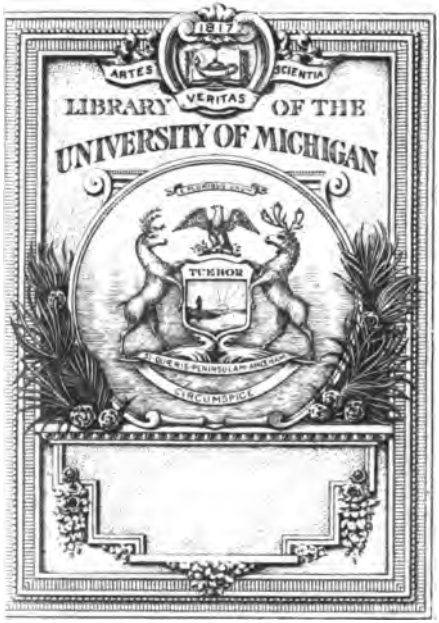
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

MEMOIRS

OF A

NULLIFIER;

WRITTEN BY

HIMSELF.

Johnston, Algernon Sidney

BY A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH.

COLUMBIA, S. C.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE TELESCOPE OFFICE.
1833.

828
J721me

[COPY RIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

05-16-50EW recd.

To

HIS EXCELLENCY

JAMES HAMILTON, JR.

GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Whose chivalrous character has procured him the appropriate appellation of "The Bayard of the South," this volume is respectfully dedicated

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following pages knew not how to employ better a few long days of summer leisure, than in endeavouring to set forth the praise of the "universal" Yankee nation. In daring to undertake a theme so lofty that it has remained "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme" (except by themselves) he has only to lament the want of time and ability to do it justice.

Altho' possessed of neither inclination nor skill to

> ——————— prate in pu'ing strain,
> Of ladye love, and beauty's chain,

yet, some machinery of love-work being required in every thing like a romance, with the real personages, such as the Devil, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster Tristram Burgess, &c. who act the more conspicuous parts in the story, he has mingled a couple of constant lovers. He confesses that in doing so, and in occasionally attempting to be poetical and pathetic, his purpose was to recommend his work to the more favorable regard of the gentler sex. The politician may omit several of the first chapters, and begin with the episode of the hero's adventures in hell.

Of the famous living characters whom he has introduced, the author has not scrupled to name some, and others appear in such guise as he supposes will sufficiently indicate them to the reader.

MEMOIRS

OF A NULLIFIER.

BY HIMSELF.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

After a long and wonderful career, I find that my life is drawing to its close. Justice to myself and to mankind requires that I should not quit the world without leaving behind me some account of my remarkable adventures.—I therefore write this memoir; but will endeavour to abridge it as much as possible.

I was born in one of the Southern States, and passed my early years in a remote district, where the face of the country was wild, and the manners of the inhabitants primitive. I grew up, therefore, with scarcely any other knowledge of mankind than such as I gathered from the pages of history, romance, and poetry. Nature gave me much imagination, lit-

tle judgment, an ardent temper, and a credulous heart. These are qualities which Solitude, the nurse of enthusiasm, tends to heighten; so that my character became to the last degree romantic and visionary. My delight was to gaze upon the loveliness of the inanimate world around me; to sit by the side of a waterfall, listening to its ceaseless music; or to wander beneath the shade of some primeval forest, and indulge in the wildest dreams that imagination could inspire. Of social institutions, and of human nature, I knew nothing, and fancy pictured them to me in her gayest and most unreal hues. To my young belief, every human creature was my friend, every pretty woman an angel, and all earth one paradise.

My parents died when I had reached the age of twenty. In the dawn of manhood, possessed of a classical education, and a handsome person; inheriting from my ancestors an abundant estate and an honourable name, my destiny certainly promised to be fortunate. With a gay heart, therefore, and a sanguine spirit, I entered upon the theatre of the world.

The first thing I did was to fall most desperately in love with Miss Cynthia Angelina Simpson. She was a bewitching creature, just seventeen years old. She had soft blue eyes,

and auburn hair, and vermiel cheeks, and a marble forehead, and ruby lips, and a melodious voice, and a form that was absolutely divine. I courted her, and in due course of time she returned my affection in the most flattering manner. It would have done any one's heart good to hear the protestations of everlasting fidelity with which we continually entertained one another. I went to see her about every third hour, besides which, several times a day we exchanged a letter to the last degree lengthy and passionate. Such wonderful love has been seldom seen in these modern days. It was decided that we should be married in the fall.

Having arranged this matter to my satisfaction, I next proceeded to devise schemes for encreasing my estate. I am rich already, thought I, but for my Cynthia's dear sake I will make myself still richer. The question was, how it should be done. I went to the chief merchant of the place, who for several years had been carrying on a flourishing trade in the various wares and fabrics which New England manufactures so much cheaper than Britain and France; not to mention Peruvian bark, Irish linen, indigo, segars, nutmegs, &c. all of them the pure growth of the happy soil of Connecticut. At that time my opinion of the New-

England character had been derived not from personal knowledge, but from their own veracious histories. Having read about Putnam and Warren and Timothy Dwight and the Pilgrim Fathers, I suspected not but that their descendants were equally meritorious. Mr. Increase Hooker, too, possessed so saint-like a countenance, that it would have been almost impious to suppose any thing unholy lurked beneath it. I told him that I had some unemployed money which it would suit me to invest in any profitable manner. He took me into his most secret apartment. "My dear sir," said he, "you are come at a fortunate moment. For some time I have had a plan by which an immense fortune can soon be made, but have hitherto been unable to carry it into execution for want of a little additional capital. I have invented a frying pan, upon a new and wonderful principle. The mechanism is such that the slices of bacon, when exactly half done, turn themselves over on the other side simultaneously. I have taken out a patent for it, and call it 'Hooker's Patent Self-animated Philanthropic Frying-Pan.' We will set up a manufactory of them, which will operate not less to our own personal emolument, than to the general advantage of mankind. I calculate

that in about three years their use will become universal over the globe; encreasing greatly the comfort of polished nations, and extending the benefits of civilization and refinement into regions upon which their light never before dawned. An advance of $20,000 on your part will be sufficient. There is not another man in the state whom I would allow to participate with me in such a money making concern." Mr. Hooker possessed a wonderful character for cunning and piety, and the scheme seemed to me plausible. Every body, thought I, is fond of bacon and eggs, so that the thing cannot fail to succeed. I produced the $20,000 (about that sum having been left me in cash by my father,) and the manufacturing operations commenced.

I next proceeded to build a fine house, and to sell my large plantation, in order that I might buy another, the situation of which I liked better. This business I entrusted to Mr. Peleg Phipps, a Yankee lawyer of great skill in drawing deeds and sueing for people's characters. He soon effected a sale at sixty thousand dollars, and I directed him to make out the deeds and receive the money.

My most intimate friend was John Ramsay: we had been almost raised together, and were

sworn brothers. He came one morning and requested me to become his security for twelve thousand dollars. "There is no risk whatever," said he: "I am going into a speculation by which I will make three times as much in three months." Altho' I doubted for a moment, my heart rejected the unworthy thought. Is not Ramsay my dearest friend? considered I, and shall I hesitate to enable him to make a fortune, when only my assistance is necessary to accomplish it? Thus reasoning, I signed the papers.

Nothing was now wanting to me but political consequence: I resolved, therefore, to offer for the legislature: my friends assured me that I would be elected, and I myself entertained not a doubt.

These different matters of course occupied a considerable time, and my wedding day had now nearly arrived. How well do I remember Tuesday, the 13th of October, 18—, a day into which so many important events were crowded! I arose and dressed myself for the first time in my new house, which was just finished. I was conscious that morning of an extraordinary elation of the spirit. I strutted around the room, singing my favorite song of John Anderson my Joe. "Doubtless," said I, "I am the most fortunate person living. Ev-

ery thing flourishes with me. Here's my new house, built upon the true Grecian model; the like is not to be seen in the whole country.—Then my manufactory of frying pans will soon be in operation at an immense profit: the sale of them will commence next week, ten thousand having been made to supply the immediate demand.—The election, too, comes on today, and before sunset in my person will be centred the majesty of the sovereign people. I will take the lead in the legislature, and my name, as the second founder of sound constitutional principles, will become famous on the pages of my country's history.—And then again, what luck it was to sell that old plantation of my father's, with its broomstraw fields and red gullies, for sixty thousand dollars, these hard times, and to get the money paid down on the nail!—And, moreover, I certainly have the firmest and cleverest friend in the world. What is there upon earth that John Ramsay would not do or risk for me? And then, to crown all, in three days I am to be married to an angelic girl, whom I adore, and who adores me!—But lovely as you are, my Cynthia," continued I in a pleasing apostrophe, "possessed as you are of all beauty under Heaven, even your transcendant charms of person weigh little in

my estimation compared with the qualities of your mind and heart. It is on account of your matchless virtues that I so deeply love you; particularly the pure, devoted, and disinterested affection with which you regard me: an affection which I know will remain forever the same, even should it be tried by any possible length of time or changes of fortune!—Thus lucky in my speculations, successful in ambition, and blest in friendship and in love, what upon earth have I to wish for more?" I thus spoke in the vanity of my heart, as I reflected on the prosperous state of my affairs.

Early in the day the election came on. I made a speech thirty or forty minutes long, which I had composed according to the rules of Cicero, very much to my own satisfaction. My opponent was Colonel ———, an old electioneerer. He spoke three hours and a half—vowed that if he were elected, every man in the district should have a gold mine on his land, and a rail-road by his door, and that constables and sheriffs should be totally abolished. The consequence was, that upon counting the votes I was seven hundred behind.

On my way from the court-house I passed by the store of my friend and partner, Mr. Hooker. On approaching it I perceived a

crowd gathered within, and heard the voice of an auctioneer. Mr. Hooker, it seemed, had disappeared, and his property was then selling for his debts. A few thousand of the patent frying-pan formed the most conspicuous article. They were sold for next to nothing, amidst the ridicule of the assembly, who declared themselves resolved to stick to the real good old frying-pan of their forefathers. My $20,000 was gone!

This was rather unpleasant, to be sure; but I cared no great deal about it, while I had sixty thousand dollars in cash left. However, thought I, I may as well go to Mr. Phipps and take that money into my own possession. It is perfectly safe in his hands, no doubt, but there's no use in trusting a man too far. Thus thinking, I went to his office—but I was too late.

Mr. Phipps, ten days before, had left home, under pretence of attending court in another district: instead of which he took the road to New England, bearing with him my sixty thousand, and various other smaller sums with which he had been entrusted. I was ruined without remedy!—No doubt by that time Mr. Phipps was safe in his native land, receiving the applauses and enjoying the envy of his

countrymen, for his industry and enterprize in the South.

I confess that, at finding myself thus suddenly reduced to poverty, I was for some moments almost horror-struck. My naturally hardy temper and sanguine spirit, however, soon enabled me to overcome the feeling. It was true, all my money was gone, and I had no property left but my new house. But I had many friends; I possessed youth, health, and, I believed, talent; and the world was before me, with its various mines of wealth and fields of honour. A short effort restored to me tolerable composure.

I had that morning directed a sumptuous dinner to be prepared at the tavern, and had invited my friends, in order to celebrate the victory which I doubted not I should by that time have obtained. I now repaired to it, and endeavoured to do the honors as well as if nothing had happened. The dinner itself, however, was treated with much more respect than I was; for my consequence seemed to be singularly diminished in the last few hours, and my friends took little trouble to conceal their opinion of my folly in being swindled out of my money, and my vanity in supposing that I could be elected to the legislature. Am-

ple justice in the mean time was done to the provisions; and the wine being excellent, several of the company at length became riotous and quarrelsome. Among the rest, my bosom friend John Ramsay grew so clamorous that I found it necessary to interfere. At this John felt himself highly insulted, seized a huge bone, threw it at my head, and knocked out my right eye.

A surgeon who was present half dressed the wound, and I went home. When I arrived there, I found my house and furniture in the possession of the sheriff. During my absence they had been seized to pay the debt for which I was security for John Ramsay. I was told to find another lodging.

I turned my steps towards the dwelling of my Cynthia, and calmed myself by the assurance that not fate itself could deprive me of her love. "What matters it," thought I, "while Cynthia is still mine, for the loss of wealth, friends, and fame? These are things which are the sport of chance and fortune. Nothing on earth is constant, except woman's love. Even though deprived of all else, in your constant smiles, my Cynthia, in your unalterable devotion, I will find abundant consolation. In your faithful arms I will take refuge from the

storms of misfortune, and still think myself supremely blest. Perhaps Heaven has thus afflicted me, only to enable you more completely to prove the purity of your love." As these reflections passed through my mind, a note was put into my hand: it was neatly folded, and written in a beautiful Italian hand, to this effect.

"Fate has decided that we must part. Take my last adieu, and spare my sensibility the pain of seeing you more.

CYNTHIA ANGELINA SIMPSON."

Heavens! was this possible?—Every thing else I had borne as became a man. Without a sigh I had seen my projects of ambition overturned; I had supported the cold hearted perfidy of my friend; for the loss of my property I had scorned to grieve. These things were but trifles, in my estimation, while I had a treasure remaining which I believed was a thousand times worth them all. But that also, was now gone. She whom I had so fondly worshiped, as the personification of all loveliness and all truth—she for whom I would, at any moment, have accounted it too much happiness to die—she to whose love I looked for consolation for the loss of wealth, the treachery of friendship, and the wrongs of fortune—she, too, had betrayed and forsaken me!

This was more than my soul could endure. I wandered, in the obscurity of the night, I knew not whither. Rage and despair had taken possession of my heart. I threw myself upon the bare earth, and poured forth bitter imprecations against heaven, Cynthia, myself, and all mankind. "What a pity," exclaimed I, at length, "that there's no such thing, in these times, as selling one's self to the devil! If Old Nick could now appear, he might certainly get my soul cheap."

CHAPTER II.

"What will you take for it," said a low, strange, airy voice, close to my side.

There fell upon me a deep terror—the mysterious, undefinable sensation of shuddering and dread, by which the senses of a mortal confess the approach or the presence of a being from the unknown world. My hair stood upright, and cold drops gathered upon my forehead; while a curdling thrill ran through my veins, and seized upon my heart. In undescribable awe and fear I gazed around.

First I perceived two wild eyes, of most terrible intenseness, that had fixed their keen beams upon me. Near them I could discern features of supernatural size—a gloomy brow, cheeks furrowed with care and scarred by violence, and a lip of mingled pride and malice. Around them, and over the high pale forehead, clustered long disordered ringlets of shining black hair, that deepened, with its snaky curls, the strange shadows of the countenance.

The night was of pitchy darkness, and I was able to see thus much only by means of a dull glow of wavering light which the object itself shed immediately around it The whole countenance beamed with an undescribable, and almost unimaginable aspect of mingled majesty and hideousness. The face seemed at one moment radiant with divine intellect, and then swiftly clouded by the darkest passions. The creature appeared to be nothing less than a mighty spirit, fallen from some lofty station of glory and of bliss, as he stood before me in the gloomy grandeur of supernal power and beauty degraded and obscured.

"What will you take for your soul?" said he. "I will give you a good price. I am master of the treasures of air, of earth, and of sea, and rule all that they contain. Speak your demand, and it shall be granted. Do you desire to be supreme in power—or unbounded in riches—or transcendent in knowledge—or happy in love—or victorious in war?"

Thus far, my eyes had been so completely fascinated by the gleaming visage of the spirit, that I had not turned them to the rest of his person. By this time, however, my terror having become somewhat mitigated, and my senses more composed; the light, too, having

grown stronger as he had approached closer to me in speaking, I was able to view him more distinctly.

I now perceived a singular and ludicrous incongruity between the upper part of his figure, and the rest. The body was large and corpulent, and the legs diminutive, like those of an old gourmand. He had on a blue coat, fair topped boots, and a pair of greasy corduroy breeches, through a hole in the hind part of which emerged a long black tail, that dangled and curled about, as he spoke. Upon the borders of his jaws grew a pair of most tremendous whiskers, blackened with smoke and singed by fire, that hung down almost to his waist.

When this horrid thing first appeared, I knew not but that heaven, which I had so lately almost blasphemed, had delivered me into the power of some avenging fiend; and the despair, with which I was then possessed, had been banished at once by the extremest terror. The latter feeling had been gradually mitigated by the behavior of the personage himself, whoever he might be; and now, as I discovered, by the sight of his vulgar and ludicrous attitudes, that he was nothing more than Old Nick, my relief was infinite. I plucked up courage, and

resolved to shew the enemy and deceiver of mankind that I was not afraid of him.

"What will you take for your soul?" said the Devil, the third time.

"You old rascal," said I, "do you suppose I have no more sense than to sell my soul to you?"

"Why, as I happened accidentally to be passing by, just now, did not I hear you offer to do so?"

"I was not in earnest. I still trust in providence."

"Trust in providence," said the Devil, "ha, ha, ha!—this is a pretty specimen of human folly. Here's a fellow with his money all gone, his mistress faithless, his friends treacherous, his eye knocked out, himself ruined and undone and deceived in every manner possible, and he still talks about his trust in providence! Trust to me, and you shall be better treated. I will reward you with more than your youthful fancy ever wished for, in its wildest dreams."

"You need not expect to catch me," said I, "I know who you are."

"It is unaccountable," said the Devil, in a mortified tone, "how I should have got so bad a character, when I have always been so honest in my dealings. No one can say that I ever failed to fufil my contracts. To be sure,

all my bargains have a condition to them, and, when that is violated, I am somewhat exact in claiming the forfeit; but I never take more than is fairly my own. I will now, sir, make you a very liberal proposal, and it will be your own fault if it do not prove of advantage to you. I will give you as much money, or any thing else, as you desire, merely on condition that you sign a paper binding yourself never to be married."

This was a tempting offer. Where could be the least harm in my accepting it? To be sure, it was not to be doubted but that the Devil, notwithstanding his fair talk, designed something evil; but it was evident I would expose myself to no risk whatever. Not marry! Why, after my recent experience, that was an act of folly to which I was certain that nothing in mortal shape could possibly beguile me. As to the morality of the thing, I could see no objection to taking the Devil's money, so that I made a good use of it afterwards. Indeed, for that matter, would not the act be actually commendable, as drawing from the infernal coffers, and applying to salutary purposes, funds which otherwise would undoubtedly be made the means of accomplishing much evil? Considering, therefore, that I might derive great ben-

efit from the bargain, without subjecting myself to the slightest possible danger, I resolved to accept the proposal.

Having come to this determination, the bargain was soon concluded. The Devil, using an inkhorn which he always carries tied to a button hole, drew up a bond, to which I put my name. I was to be furnished with as much money as I might demand, and my eye was to be cured, upon condition that I should not get married. If, at the end of thirty years, I was found with a wife, my soul was to be forfeited. The Devil instantly healed my eye: then, stamping upon the earth, a subordinate demon appeared at his signal. "Kalouf," said he, "attend upon this gentleman; supply him with as much gold as he asks for, and execute all his orders." The Devil, then, thrusting the bond into one of his immense coat pockets, both of which were stuffed full of papers, and bowing courteously to me, disappeared. I directed Kaloul to assume a human form, as my servant, and, followed by him, returned into the town.

CHAPTER III.

Here was I, at once in possession of exhaustless wealth and supernatural power! I had acquired it all, too, upon the cheapest terms possible—upon the easy condition of never marrying! an act to which, so far from having the least inclination, scarcely the whole earth could have bribed me. Thus the circumstances under which I was about to commence a second career in the world, were even more favourable than those which had at first attended me. It was true, that some of the brightest of my youthful dreams had been dispelled, and passing, as is the wont of enthusiasts, from one extreme to its opposite, I now had little faith in the honesty of man, and none at all in the constancy of woman. Altho' the earth, therefore, no longer shone to my eyes with the freshness of its virgin beauty, yet still it presented enough, either to woo to pleasuré, or excite to ambition. For I was still in my one and twentieth summer; I had at my command boundless riches, and a portion of the power of the invis-

ible world, and mine was a temper which regarded nothing as impossible. Where was the path of enjoyment which I might not hope to tread, or the height of power or fame which I might not aspire to ascend?

Attended by Kalouf, I removed to the city, and resolved that I would fully explore the gay world, and satiate myself with its pleasures, before setting about my more serious purposes. The splendour of my appearance, and the reputation of vast wealth which I soon acquired, rendered me exceedingly conspicuous. For some months I devoted myself chiefly to the pursuit of amusement, and filled a space in the eyes of the fine world sufficient to have satisfied any ordinary vanity. During this time various adventures occurred to me, some of which were rendered very curious by the manœuvres of my diabolical attendant. To relate them, however, would require more time from me, and probably more patience from my readers, than either can bestow. Passing them over, therefore, I will proceed to those incidents which had a more immediate effect in determining my destiny.

My early habits had rendered me exceedingly fond of hunting, and I devoted much of my

leisure to it. On one occasion, while I was on a distant expedition, a deer of extraordinary size and beauty suddenly appeared before me. His enormous antlers, with little less than twenty branches upon each, shewed him to be such a patriarch of the woods as I had scarcely ever heard of, even in the traditions of the oldest hunters. Through the whole live-long day did I and my staunch dogs follow him, encouraged by frequent glimpses, though he would never allow me to get quite near enough for my gun to take effect. At length, when the sun had nearly set, my perseverance seemed about to be rewarded. The deer stood, less than thirty yards off, with his broad side turned fairly to me. I raised my good rifle, that had never failed me, even at three times the distance, took exact aim, and fired—The result was amazing and unaccountable. At the report of my gun the deer vanished! He was no where to be seen, either dead or alive!

Astonished, wearied, and disappointed, I stood for some minutes pondering on this strange occurrence. In the ardour of the pursuit, I had wandered far from any tract with which I was acquainted. Upon looking around, however, I was almost consoled for my vexatious adven-

ture, by the beauty of the scene into which it had led me. I must indulge myself in the luxury of describing it.

It was a secluded valley, surrounded by stupendous mountains. On one side they rose in vast and irregular precipices, in the fissures of which clung the laurel and the ivy, supplying the place of all other verdure with their deep and changeless green. In other directions, their swelling shapes were reared gradually upwards, and threw into the sky a more soft and distant outline: their broad and slanting sides clothed to the summits by the varied growth of the Southern forests, the foliage of which, just breathed on by the coming autumn, displayed such gorgeous tints and mellow shades as Claude or Salvator might have in vain attempted to rival with their divinest hues. Numerous brooks, falling in cataracts from the hills around, formed by their mingled and sparkling waters a stream which wandered along the plain, and then murmured away through an opening to the west. Numberless and nameless wild-flowers bloomed around, and seemed to droop their heads over its banks, as if to gaze, with something like human vanity, upon their images reflected in the glassy wave beneath. Gigantic trees of many species grew

thickly around, and spread above a canopy through which only a few wandering beams of the noon-day sun could penetrate. Never in classic Greece or Italy did nymph of the stream or of the forest lave her limbs in more chrystal waters, or roam through a more lovely and secure retreat. But that which in my eyes gave to the scene its most peculiar charm, was the aspect of utter stillness and wildness which it wore, and the total absence of any thing to indicate that it had ever before been approached by man. It seemed as if it lay before me undisturbed since the day of its creation—that mine was the first step which had ever trod its silent glades and sacred depths, and mine the first eye that had ever gazed on its virgin solitude.

I seated myself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and had remained for some time absorbed in contemplation of the objects around me, when suddenly, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, I beheld a young lady beautiful beyond imagination. She was walking on the bank, as if intending to cross it. This, in the ordinary state of the water, would have been perfectly easy, but it happened to be now swoollen above its usual height, and rushed along with some depth and violence. Nevertheless,

there were so many fragments of rock strewed through the channel, and but little apart from each other, that it required only a slight exertion to pass over them. At least so seemed to think the mountain nymph; for, with a light step and a careless air, she began to spring across. The tops of the rocks, lately bathed by the flood, afforded an insecure footing, and betrayed one of her steps! She fell into the rapid current, and was swept down to the deep water below. For me to plunge in and bear her to the shore, required but an instant.

The beautiful lady, not having been rendered insensible by the water, soon recovered from the terror of the accident, and poured forth her gratitude to me, in the most ardent language. I, too, thanked the providence which had made me the instrument of saving so much loveliness from an early grave. Her name, she told me, was Laura Douglas. Her father's house, to which I accompanied her, was but little distant, the forest having previously hidden it from my view. I remained there for some time, delighted with the kindness and learning of the father, and the beauty and intelligence of the daughter.

One day Laura asked me for some verses to put into her book. I retired, and summoned Kalouf: "Kalouf" said I, "I have promised a

young lady some poetry: I am a poor hand at making verses; you must do it for me."

"Sir," replied he, "you have called on me at a fortunate moment: I happen to have now in my pocket an ode which I lately made to my sweetheart down in hell, to whom I am to be married shortly: I will transfer it to you."

"What!" said I, "do the people of hell get married? I thought they were miserable enough without that."

"Certainly, being of the same sexes as on earth, they must either marry or do worse. But, as they never die, it would be too great a hardship to make them live together forever: the law therefore is, that they may separate, at the end of a thousand years, if they should have become tired of one another in that short period.* I am quite a young devil, and have been married only five times. These verses, with some slight alteration, I suppose will suit your purpose, as they have been much admired in hell, and have procured me a considerable reputation among the wits there. Here they are:

---

*A bill, said to have been written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was once offered and debated in the British Parliament, decreeing that marriages should continue no longer than seven years; unless, at each return of that period, the parties desired to renew them. Her Ladyship must have borrowed the idea from this law of hell, tho' I know not how she came by the knowledge of it.—The Author.

TO HOKEEGOLFA.

My brimstone bride, my black she-devil,
  Thy diabolical charms I adore;
Thou loveliest of all the powers of evil
  That ever yet cross'd the deep Styx's shore!

Of all the myriads of fiendish maids,
  Who people the sulphurous depths of hell,
And roam through it's dark and dismal shades,
  Thou art, I will swear it, the greatest belle.

Already, my love, I've laid in a supply
  Of various things that house keeping requires,
And soon we at cooking our skill will try
  On Tariffites, murderers, thieves, and liars.

On some fresh and newly-caught sinner each day
  How sweetly and comfortably we will dine,
From his bones tear the quivering flesh away,
  And quaff the red streaming blood for wine!

Our table shall groan with fierce Georgians in squads,
  And South Carolinians a few times a year,
And also Virginians, food worthy of gods—
  But never a Yankee shall there appear.

For Yankees, tho' once considered dainty,
  And thought to be nice and savoury meat,
Have now become too cursedly plenty,
  For even the vulgarest devil to eat.

In pleasures exceeding what verse can tell,
  In love and in bliss forever we'll revel,
And people the growing dominions of hell
  With many a little he and she devil!—

"You impudent rascal," exclaimed I, "to suppose that this would suit for Miss Douglas. Go to work, and see whether you can't give me something with less fire and brimstone in it, and rather more in the style of this earth."

Kalouf retired into a corner, and in about an hour returned with the following:

TO LAURA.

Sweet Laura! if thou wilt be mine
I'll ever thy adorer prove,
And worship at thy beauty's shrine
With pure and everlasting love.

Since first on me thy beauty beam'd,
Thou reignest on my memory's throne;
Of thee alone I've thought and dream'd,
My heart hath beat for thee alone!

Stern Fate will spare not even thee,
And Time with rapid wing moves on;
Then give, fair maid, thy charms to me,
Ere life's young loveliness be gone.

And then to some sweet summer isle,
Or blooming solitude, we'll go,
Where Nature wears a ceaseless smile,
And winds of winter never blow:

Where suns are bright, and skies are blue,
And gushing fountains pure and clear,
And flowers of never-fading hue
With languid fragrance fill the air.

Far from the cold, the proud, the vain,
Who fill the world's tumultuous scene,
Exempt from vulgar care and pain,
Our days shall glide away serene.

The rest forgot of human race,
Nor heeding else beneath the sky,
Each to the other shall the place
Of parents, kindred, friends, supply.

Oh joy, all other joys above!
To share thy every smile and sigh—
Possess thy first and latest love—
And with thee live, and with thee die!

"This will not do yet, Kalouf," said I, "it is now on the other extreme, and is too sentimental: see whether you can't strike out something between the two." Kalouf now seemed to go to work still harder, and in three hours produced the following:

TO LAURA.

Thine eyes do *not* the sun eclypse;
Thy breast no mountain snow discloses;
Nor are thy red and dewy lips
Made out of rubies, or of roses:

Thy brow is not the full-orbed moon;
Thy voice is not the zephyr's sigh;
Thy smile is not the blaze of noon,
Illumining the earth and sky:

Thy form is not compos'd of dreams,
Such as wild Fancy oft displays,
Compounded of the sun's bright beams,
Or woven of the moon's pale rays.

But, Laura, thou art lovelier far,
When on thy breathing form I gaze,
Than if thou wert the brightest star,
That ever yet in heaven did blaze.

Girls who are form'd of dreams and flowers,
Such as the idle poet fancies,
Walk not upon this earth of ours,
But only glitter in romances.

I would not give one smile of thine,
Or slightest touch of thy soft hand,
For all the shapes, bright and divine,
That fill the realms of fairy-land.

Thy charms, thank heaven, are *true* and *real*;
And therefore is it I adore thee;
Ten thousand goddesses ideal
Would all to nothing fade before thee.

"This is rather better, Kalouf," said I, "you have stolen a little of it, but I suppose it will have to do."

Two or three days afterwards, Kalouf came to me and asked leave of absence for a short time, in order that he might go down to hell and get married—inviting me at the same time to go with him to the wedding, which he as-

sured me would be very splendid, as he was to espouse the daughter of a proud and rich family. This was rather a startling proposition: Kalouf, however, pledging himself to take care of me, and to bring me back again in safety, my curiosity induced me to agree to it, and we set off for the lower regions.

CHAPTER IV.

The entrance to Hell, I found, is through a very large cave in Kentucky. That is to say, the one appropriated to the United States; for each considerable district of the earth has belonging to it a separate road, for the convenience of its own citizens alone. This cave was formed of a multitude of different passages, which, after turning and twisting about in a most labyrnithine manner for twenty or thirty miles, at length all met together and became one exceedingly broad and well trodden road. It was brilliantly illuminated with gas, and no turnpike or railway was ever half so smooth. I and Kalouf were travelling rapidly down its steep declivity, having already proceeded many miles, when suddenly we heard behind us a prodigious clatter. It was caused by the ghost of a Yankee pedlar, who was journeying to the other world, with his cart of tin ware and other notions. The ghost soon overtook us, and shewed himself to be fully as impudent and inquisitive as if he were still alive.

He immediately set to work to find out who I was and where I came from.

"This is sorter a slantindickelar road, stranger, by gauly;" said he.

"Yes, rather so."

"I guess, Mr., you've come a long way?

"Not very many hundred miles."

"I expect, may be, you're from the North?"

"No, I am not."

"Did you come by the Paint Mountain, or over the Ohio River?" (to trace my route by these landmarks)

"Neither."

"Hogs and beef cattle sell tolerble low now, I guess?" (to ascertain whether I was a Western man)

"I think it quite probable."

"I suppose, Mr., you've had a good cotton crop this year?"

"I understand that the crop was abundant in Carolina and Georgia."

"I reckon, may be, they raise tobacco in the parts you come from." (thinking to track me to Virginia)

"They are fond of tobacco there."

"I guess, strangers," continued the Yankee, "you haven't none of you never been in this country we're goin to, before, have you? I'd

like to know what kind of a place 'tis for tradin, down there. You see, about two hours ago, old Mr. Death come for me. He tuk me by sich a surprise I hadn't much time to git ready. But as I was jist then about startin out on a pedlin trip, I thought, as I was obleeged to come any how, I might as well try if I couldn't make somethin on the road. So I gathered into my cart some beads and nutmegs and tin cups and other notions. I calculate I'll make a pretty tolerble considerble speck on what I've got along. You don't know how much a piece tin cups fetches in these parts, doos you?"

I perceived, meanwhile, that the Yankee continually kept his eyes down on the road over which we were passing, and industriously and minutely examined the numerous marks on its surface. I inquired the reason. "Why," said he, "there's old Nehemiah Pettibones, he's been owin me a nine pence for about eighteen years. I reckon I've asked him for that ninepence a thousand times. And do you think the hateful sarpent didn't push off at last without payin it! He died about two hours afore me. I'm lookin to see if I can't find his track. He'll have to git into a tarnation hot place, but what I'll have that nine pence yet, some how."

Travelling thus in company with the Yankee, at length we reached the river Styx. There was old Charon, with his boat, ready to take us across. He demanded twelve and a half cents from each of us for ferryage. The Yankee in vain higgled, nearly half an hour, endeavouring to get him to take a ten cent piece. This point was no sooner arranged, than it appeared that a matter of much more consequence was to be settled. Charon, who is custom-house officer, as well as keeper of the ferry, seeing the pedler's parcel of merchandise, proceeded to levy a heavy tariff upon it; which, by dint of minimums, appraisments, &c. was made to amount to about two hundred and fifty per cent. This the Yankee was unable to pay; and Charon, declaring the goods forfeited, directed them to be seized for the benefit of the infernal treasury; and, driving the pedler into the boat, set sail for the opposite shore.

Never did I behold so deep a consternation and despair as that manifested by the Yankee, at the unexpected destruction of his mercantile projects. I doubt not but that the separation of him and his pedling cart was infinitely more painful than that which had previously occurred between his soul and his body. He stood in

the hindmost end of the boat, with outstretched arms, and piteous cries, and streaming eyes riveted upon his lost cart, as it remained on the beach, until the thick and pestilential fog, which those gloomy waters continually cast upwards, at length hid it from his sight.

Meanwhile, our boat glided slowly over the black and sluggish stream which encircles the regions of the damned. Its horrid waters were thickly peopled with huge snakes and toads and dragons and crocodiles, and every other hideous monster which is born of the slime of a corrupt and putrifying flood. So numerous that we could scarcely force a passage amidst them, they glared upon us with their fierce eyes, and eagerly stretched their frightful jaws, as we passed. Suddenly, while looking among them, the face of the Yankee gleamed with a new and intense delight, at sight of an object which he discovered. It was a large cooter, that incautiously, and in an evil hour for itself, rose to the surface, only a few feet distant. The creature, however, seemed instinctively to know the enemy of its race, and, as briskly as possible, retreated towards the bottom. It was an abyss upon which nothing living could look without a shudder, and into which it seemed that not even a ghost could venture without

destruction. Nevertheless, with his head foremost, the Yankee eagerly plunged in. At the sight of a native of Connecticut, the monsters, lately so fierce and hungry, scampered away in all directions, tumbling over each other in their fright. Down dived the pedler—and the dark flood, closing over his course, concealed him for many minutes from our view. At length he emerged, with the unfortunate cooter captive, and regained the boat. There, seating himself in the bottom, with his back towards us, he took a knife out of his pocket, and fell busily to work. We heard the sound of much cutting and scraping, but could not see his operations. However, at the first habitation that we reached, after crossing the river, the Yankee produced and offered for sale an article which he called "an elegant tortoise shell comb," and sold it, for a high price, to an old woman who had died of love.

Proceeding into the interior, we presently reached the judgement seat of Rhadamanthus, where sentence is passed upon all who arrive in the infernal dominions. The court was sitting, and business seemed to be carried on with wonderful despatch—the cases of a multitude of ghosts having been already disposed of that morning. Soon we heard one of the consta-

bles call out, "Virgil Hoskins! Virgil Hoskins!" "Here," answered our companion the Yankee pedler, quaking up to the bar. Rhadamanthus was seated with a great number of huge account books before him. "Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it?" said he. "Here it is, among the Hs, page 49,358. Ah, Virgil! there's a terribly long account against you. Let's see a few of the charges. *(reads)*

VIRGIL HOSKINS DR.

June 27, 18—, To selling, in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish cigars made of oak leaves, and 647 wooden clocks.

What do you say to that charge, Hoskins?

Hoskins. Why, that was counted in our place about the greatest peddlin trip that ever was made over the Potomac.

Rhadamanthus reads: June 29, 18—, To stealing an old grindstone, smearing it over with butter, and then selling it as a cheese.

Hoskins, in great surprise. Jimminny! surely you wouldn't punish a man for that, would you?

Rhadamanthus reads: December 13, 1780, To making a counterfeit dollar of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it.

Hoskins. Daddy was mighty glad when he found it out. He said it shewed I had a genus.

Rhadamanthus reads: July 2, 18—,To taking a worn out pair of shoes, which you found in the road, and selling them to a pious old lady, as being actually the shoes of Saint Paul.

Hoskins, with exultation. I made four dollars and twelve and a half cents by that.

Rhadamanthus reads:—July 2, 18—,To taking an empty old watch case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a patent lever in full motion.

Hoskins. He, he, he,—that was one of the cutest tricks I ever played in all my life.

Rhadamanthus. It would occupy me a week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you. These few are sufficient. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New-England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your countrymen already are, with that same old grindstone tied to your neck, and to remain there forever.

After the Yankee had been thus disposed of, I witnessed a few other cases. Among the rest, an Old Virginian was condemned for fishing on Sunday, a Kentuckian for horse stealing,

a Georgian for hard swearing, and a South Carolinian for taking part with the General Government against his own State; but I have no space for an account of their trials.

CHAPTER V.

Leaving the Court of Rhadamanthus, we now proceeded on our journey. Our destination was not into the terrific interior of hell, but to one of the provinces on its borders, milder in climate and less fearful in aspect. To the left hand, as I passed along, stretched a vast ridge of mountains of immeasurable height, that seemed to have been thrown up as a barrier to that portion of the infernal dominions. Their summits were entirely above my view. Their midway rocks were bare and blackened; continual thunders rolled around them; and incessant flashes of the fiercest lightning played against their blasted sides. Deep caverns pierced their base, whence issued the elements in their strength Furious winds roared out of some, while others vomited forth torrents of molten minerals, or volumes of murky and sulphurous flame. Occasionally, through a few gaps in the mountain, I could catch slight glympses of the region beyond, but it was veiled in so deep a gloom as to hide its chief hor-

rors from my sight. I could dimly discern rivers and seas of liquid fire, of which the ever-boiling waves were tossed and uptorn by the strongest whirlwinds. Distant as I was, it seemed to me that the abyss was thickly peopled with forms, that flitted through it; and I heard, or fancied that I heard, their wailings, even above the roar of the warring elements around them. From time to time, as a gleam of lurid light would flash through the darkness, a volcano blaze forth with fiercer fury, or the broad bosom of a burning lake be lit up with a ruddier glow, I would see such sights of horror and of dread, as far exceed all human power, either of imagination, of description, or of belief. But they were things which may not be named in this upper world.—Yet all that I did see, being merely upon the borders of the scene, seemed to be nothing in comparison with what raged beyond!

Turning further from this frightful region, we now entered a country much more earthly in its appearance. Indeed, any one who will travel through certain portions of North or South Carolina, in the month of August, may see districts little less hot and desolate. The sand was knee deep, the atmosphere oppressively warm, and the earth parched and shade-

less. The travelling, too, was rendered dangerous by the deep coal-pits which abounded in every direction. Springs and streams of liquid sulphur were very numerous; but during my whole journey in hell I saw not a single drop of water; and there appeared to be a great scarcity of all other fluids. I believe I may safely say, that if there be any vice from which the inhabitants are free, it is that of hard-drinking.

After a journey of six or eight hours, in the course of which we must have traversed many hundred miles, at length we reached the habitation of the parents of the bride. Every thing about it betokened aristocratic pride and vanity, and the exalted notion which the family entertained of their consequence and gentility. A numerous company, of the most fashionable personages in that quarter of hell, was fast assembling. Too lazy to use their own wings, some came mounted on huge ravens or vultures; others trotted up on the backs of tigers or hyenas; while the old women came trooping through the air on broomsticks. All things indicated that a most uproarrious frolic was about to take place.

Among the various preparations which met my eyes, I was particularly struck with a sort

of barbacue that was cooking in the yard. It consisted of several dozen sinners, fresh caught from the upper world, who were roasting whole, upon spits before large fires, while an abundance of red pepper was sprinkled over them. The reader must understand, that such is the nature of the captives in hell, that no punishment or process to which they may possibly be subjected, can ever put an end to their sensation and existence. Thus the operation of being roasted, carved, and eaten by a number of voracious devils, instead of destroying or diminishing, greatly increases the capacity for further suffering. For, in that case, each separate particle becomes endowed with a distinct life, and a keener sensibility to pain: and the portions which had composed the body, scattered probably thousands of miles apart—a finger here, a rib there, a slice of the tender loin somewhere else—are allowed no rest until they search each other out, and re-unite in their former shape: a business which cannot require less than many centuries of crawling to accomplish. And it is no sooner done, perhaps, than another crew of hungry demons catch the redintegrated sinner, and inflict upon him a repetition of the same tedious and horrid process.

Among the unlucky wights thus converted into roasters, I perceived several whose faces I remembered. There was a high dignitary of the bench, and author of a big book, upon a spit made expressly to suit him, with *eight points*— a learned South Carolina Judge, who was in the habit, while holding court, of beating his own constables when they attempted to preserve the peace—and an old woman named William Smith. The most conspicuous personage of them all, however, was a little bald-headed old man, who seemed to be in a constant passion. He was incessantly scolding the cooks, either for turning the spit too fast, or too slow, or for letting it remain still. Nothing could please him. He had once been, while upon earth, somewhat notorious, as a member of Congress from Rhode Island.

Presently the black fiddlers gave the signal for the dancing to begin. There were present many beaux dressed most flamingly, and young ladies with garments even shorter than the cuttie-sark rendered so famous by the Caledonian poet. Then began capering, at sight of which the most agile Frenchman would have bursted with envy, or hung himself in despair. The mirth and fun was fast rising to a high pitch, and I was about to lead out Miss Hokeegolfa

herself, when suddenly an alarm was given, "the enemy are upon us—the enemy! the enemy!"

All now was confusion and dismay. The devils, however, instantly rushed forth, and prepared for a courageous defence. Their numbers were by no means inconsiderable, and at their signals recruits poured in from all quarters. Having sallied out with the rest, I saw an invading army approaching, in hostile array, and in vast numbers. They were armed with long spindles, and a great variety of patent weapons of curious form and contrivance.—Among their numerous leaders, three seemed to be preeminent. Of those, the one who commanded the right wing rode in its front, mounted on a large cow of the real English breed, and dressed in a shining suit of new broadcloth. As the still pause occurred which precedes the crash of conflicting armies, this chieftain endeavoured to animate the courage of his followers.

"Fellow citizens," said he, "of all the discoveries which have enlightend or benefited our race, that of Political Economy has achieved the most wonderful results. But whatever credit may be due to the inventors of this sublime science, to us belongs the far higher praise

of having carried it to a height which they never supposed possible, and of having drawn from it conclusions which they never dreamed of. It is now clearly established

"1. That two and two do not make four, but something else, I have not yet exactly ascertained what.

"2. That the higher the tax upon articles of merchandise, the lower will be the price—the imagination can fix no limit to the cheapness to be thus obtained.

"3. That the higher the price of northern manufactures, the better for us, as it will make us rich.

"4. That the lower the price of cotton, and other Southern products, the better for those who raise them; as it will force them to be economical; and economy is one of the chief of the virtues.

"All this is fully proved in that invaluable work, 'The Register,' published by me at five dollars per annum. Nevertheless, there are still many persons so blind and obstinate as to doubt or deny the sublime truths which I, and that other light of the age, the great Matthew Carey, have for many years laboured to reveal. To establish the reign of these grand principles, is the holy cause in which we are now

engaged—and surely those over whom we prevail, will purchase very cheaply the knowledge and benefit of the pure doctrines which we will compel them to learn and practice, when we only take forty-five per cent of their goods as our reward. Look at *me*, my countrymen: do you see this new coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, of superfine blue broadcloth? I consider them as more glorious than the robes of an emperor. They are a present to me from the Pawtucket Manufacturing Company. In the last ten years I have received in presents 2347 coats, 1938 waistcoats, 2551 pair of pantaloons, 1496 hats, and 13683 pair of shoes, as tokens of admiration of my talents, and as a slight remuneration for my exertions and success in raising prices and manufactories. Come on, my brave soldiers—and when this rebellious province of the South is subjugated, cotton cloth and calico shall sell for two dollars a yard, and each of you shall be dressed as fine a man."

The leader of the left wing was mounted on a huge sheep. He bore in one hand a volume on which was inscribed "The Olive Branch," and in the other a pamphlet entitled "The Rubicon, No. 947." He too made a speech in the same strain as that of the other commander,

and then gave the word for the forces which he led to move to the charge. They had advanced only a few steps further, when they reached a small rivulet of liquid sulphur. "Ah, my friends," exclaimed the general, in the utmost dismay, "this must be the Rubicon—let us not pass the Rubicon." So this division of the army was brought to a dead halt.

Then came a far mightier spirit—nobler in form, prouder in bearing, and fiercer and more intellectual in aspect. His eye gleamed with an unholy ambition, and his countenance was obscured by dark passion, deep cunning, and relentless hate, else he seemed as if he might have been an angel of light. He was evidently the commander in chief of the whole host. He rode upon a large Kentucky boar, that upreared his bristles, and scattered the foam from his long keen tusks, as his rider spurred him furiously about in marshalling the army. His banner was a piece of coarse hempen cloth—in one hand he bore a knife and fork; in the other a pack of cards. He, too, prepared to speak; and the whole army was hushed in expectation, when, at that moment, a most strange and uncouth figure rushed forward—It was the Rhode Islander, half roasted, with the spit still sticking through his body.

During the confusion he had been not well watched by the cooks, and, discovering that speechifying was going on, he had broken loose, determined to have his share All attempts to arrest him were ineffectual. He mounted upon an eminence which happened to be convenient, and, with vehement tone and gesture, began; "Guided by Reason, man has travelled through the abstruse regions of the philosophic world. He has originated ——" At the awful sounds of his voice, the whole multitude, devils and spirits of all sorts and degrees, scattered in universal dismay. Every purpose was forgotten, except that of escape from the horrid noise. The mighty leader of the invading army himself, was the very first to take to flight, terrified by those tones which he could not but too well remember, as they had often before afflicted him. I and Kalouf, partaking in the general panic, fled as swiftly as possible, and neither paused nor looked behind us, until we found ourselves safe back in the upper world.

CHAPTER VI.

No sooner had I returned to the earth than I again visited Mr. Douglas's, and remained there some weeks. Here the truth soon burst upon me, that I was again the victim of love! How could it be otherwise, when I was exposed to the fascination of such transcendant charms? Before seeing Laura I had but a slight idea of the degree of loveliness which a mortal shape may wear. In her I beheld such as was never dreamed of, even by the mighty artists who have embodied on canvass or in marble the form of incarnate Beauty, or the inspired poets who have gazed upon her unveiled divinity. Radiant eyes—marble brow—alabaster neck—ruby lips—shape of perfect symetry—long glossy curls of raven hair flowing in waving wreaths over ivory shoulders—cheeks whose young and vermiel bloom seem fresher than rosebuds moistened by the dew of spring—these are expressions that have been often used, and perhaps sometimes with a semblance of truth; and are things which language can

half describe, and painting can fully pourtray. The magic of *her* appearance was derived from something loftier and nobler. It was not merely that her eyes beamed with a lustre beside which the diamond's blaze would have been dim, but that in their pure rays the divine spirit within most divinely shone—not that each movement was perfect graceфulness, but that with all of lovely and holy which the enthusiast can fancy in an angel, there was mingled the warm passion and tenderness of earth —It was, in short, that her every look, word, thought, and action, was informed with a hallowing *soul*, which seemed almost to shed around her person a charmed atmosphere and a celestial radiance!

Even had I been less sensible than I was to the power of beauty, here was such as it was impossible to resist. But what madness was this by which I was overcome? Had I forgotten the bond with the devil, to which I had subscribed, and the tremendous penalty attached to its violation? Was I willing to purchase a short and fleeting pleasure at the price of everlasting anguish! For the brief possession of so slight a thing as mortal and decaying beauty, was I about to subject myself to an eternity of torment? These awful reflections

could not but intrude themselves upon me: but whatever sage reasonings and resolves I might make in Laura's absence, they were always instantly dispelled by the magic of her presence, and I resigned myself to the overpowering passion which it inspired.

Yet let not the reader do me the injustice to suppose that in making up my decision I did not duly weigh the consequences. The question was, whether I should resign Laura, or, by marrying her, render myself, when the thirty years should end, forfeit to the devil I did not deliberate long. The fear of distant pain, we all know, weighs little in the human heart against the temptation to present pleasure. It then seemed to me that the loss of Laura was the greatest of all possible evils, and that the possession of her would be cheaply purchased at *any price* whatever. Would I not enjoy with her a whole lifetime of supreme felicity? Had it been only an hour, or a day, perhaps I might have pondered longer; but for thirty long years!—how could I hesitate? I resolved that I would court her and endeavour to marry her, at all hazards.

Having come to this determination, I soon carried it into execution. One fine evening we had roamed, as was our almost daily custom,

into the solitude of the neighbouring woods, and lingered on our return rather later than usual. The sun had sunk behind the mountains, and only faintly illuminated their summits, and the crimson clouds above them.—Amidst the softness and balm and still sanctity of the forest, nothing was heard but the quivering of the leaves above us as the tall trees waved their boughs in the autumnal air, the melancholy voice of the whippoorwill, and the gentle murmuring of the waters; while from numberless and nameless shrubs and wild-flowers, the west-wind shook the blossoms, and bore to us the fragrance.

It is at the magic hour of twilight, when the sun has just set, and the moon has just risen, and the stars are beginning to glitter in the sky, and every thing looks calm and holy, that nature is most lovely, and woman's heart is most susceptible. All things around seemed to breathe the spirit of love, and to inspire the feeling, and we both acknowledged the mystic influence. No hour or scene could have been more propitious to me, and I failed not to avail myself of it. I poured forth my love to Laura in the most impassioned language. I declared that I admired and valued her beyond all else on earth or in heaven. I pointed up to the

moon and to the stars, and swore by their solemn and sacred light that I loved her better than any thing in this world was ever loved before, and that I would thus love her to all eternity.—Why need I repeat my wooing? it is enough that Laura consented to be mine.

I now indulged myself in the most rapturous dreams that hope and imagination could inspire. That girl was mine whom in the fervor of my enthusiastic admiration I firmly believed to be unequalled on earth, and not excelled in heaven. It was true, my prospective visions were limited to a space of somewhat less than thirty years, and I knew that at the expiration of that period my felicity must come to an end, and be followed by an awful retribution. But it seemed to me that after a lifetime passed with Laura I could calmly endure any thing that either man or devil could inflict.

I remained with her some days longer, more unable than ever to tear myself from her presence. I will here give part of a conversation that occurred between us, not as of itself important, but because it will be referred to hereafter We were sitting on the portico, late at night, beneath the illumined heavens, that shed upon the silent earth their serenest light. We gazed upon the glowing stars, and acknowl-

edged the lofty aspirations, the fervent hope, which the contemplation of them is so fitted to inspire—the feeling that we bear within ourselves a spirit of which the destiny is equally glorious, and the duration far more eternal.

"I suppose," said Laura, "that you believe in the existence and immortality of the soul? What do you regard as the strongest proofs?

"To me," replied I, "the fact is abundantly clear, even without resorting to revelation and philosophical argument. I could easily establish it by logical deduction, but I choose to take a shorter method. Away with the theories of the metaphysicians! The existence and immortality of the soul are things which I believe, because I *feel* them. The Creator himself has impressed a conviction of them upon me. I am aware of the existence of my soul precisely as I am of that of my body. I perceive its action even more palpably than that of my corporeal frame, for the latter is usually unobserved, while the former impresses upon me an incessant consciousness. In short, I have the strongest proof possible, the direct evidence of sense. I *feel* within me an infinite spirit, which acknowledges nothing superior to itself, in capacity or duration, except the

Omnipotent Power who made it. Surely that Power would not deceive his creatures with vain hopes and ineffectual longings—and can have bestowed upon me the faculties of an Angel for nothing less than an eternal purpose.?"*

"Some have asserted, however, that matter may be so modified as to produce all the phenomena of mind?"

"Impossible! am I to be told that the orations of Demosthenes, the philosophy of Newton, the pictures of Raphael, the poetry of Milton, are nothing more than conceptions of brute matter? Am I to be told that all this passion and thought which animates my frame—these transports of hope and fear and joy and sorrow and hatred and despair—these lofty aspirations, and vast desires—these dreams of the long-gone past, and the distant future—these wanderings of imagination through the abysses of infinitude—are all produced by the vibration of a few fibres of brain underneath the skull? Am I to believe that pure Affection, and incorruptible Honour, and heroic Courage, and fervent Piety, and transcendant Genius, have given to them only a momentary existence,

*In an argument on this subject, Mr. Fuseli said to his opponent "I cannot tell whether or not *you* have a soul, but, by God, I know that *I* have."

then to sink into the same grave with the frame which they informed with their fire, and to rot into the same dust?

"But you and I, my love, have no occasion to discuss this topic, for *we* require no additional light on the subject. Have we not in our bosoms a love for each other which we feel will survive every thing less durable than heaven and eternity? Who that had a *heart*, ever doubted that he had a soul? As for yours, at this moment do I not see it in your eyes? do I not hear it in your voice? do I not *feel* it in your kiss?"

"I will tell you my idea," said Laura; "I believe that we human creatures are angels who in some manner or other forfeited their native heaven, and have been banished to a grosser world, in order to pay such penalty and endure such suffering as shall render them worthy of being restored to it. Does there not often come to us a half-seen vision, a vague recollection, of a former and brighter existence? What is it but a portion of the light of our lost heaven, which still lingers around us, and occasionally awakens its remembrance, and prompts the thought that it will yet be regained? I doubt not but that the numberless worlds we see around us are the abodes of human

creatures and angels of infinitely-varied degrees of happiness and perfection. Do you see that beautiful star yonder, just above the summit of that tall tree? I select it for my future habitation. You must there seek me when you come to the other world."

This conversation, altho' little regarded at that time, as I have said, is now recorded because it happened to be afterwards remembered.

I returned to the city, in order to settle some necessary affairs before my marriage, which Laura had consented should soon take place. Meanwhile her image was forever present to my thoughts, and my heart was filled with the most joyous anticipations. Little did I dream how sadly they were to be dispelled; and that fate doomed me to a disappointment a thousand times more bitter than that which had before befallen me.

I had been absent only eight or ten days, when a messenger from Mr. Douglas informed me that Laura had been suddenly taken ill, and was in the greatest danger. The messenger had been two days on the road, the distance being sixty or seventy miles. Had Kalouf been with me, I could by his power have traversed the distance in a few moments; but I had left him in the country. I mounted my

fleetest horse, and reached Mr Douglas' as soon as possible; but Laura had expired many hours before!—and I could do no more than to seek her grave, and pour over it tears of unutterable anguish and despair.

CHAPTER VII.

I was conducted to the spot where Laura was interred. She had chosen to be buried, not in the crowded and monumented churchyard, but in the quiet solitude where I first met and last beheld her. There, in the midst of the scenes which when living she had loved to frequent, the relics of the beautiful maid reposed. The lofty trees beneath whose shade she had so often passed the summer noon in maiden meditation, now waved their leafy branches above her grave; the silver stream that had soothed her ear with its murmuring flow, now seemed to wail along its pebbly channel with a constant dirge; while the flowers which her own hand had planted, breathed around their dying fragrance, and shed their melancholy bloom. In unutterable anguish I threw myself upon the spot where my buried love was laid; where, seperated from me only by a few feet of earth, and a sod not yet green, now mouldered that dust which had been once perfection. I felt that she whose presence alone

rendered earth lovely and life delightful, was no more, and for me nothing remained but to bewail her loss with an eternal grief. Hour after hour rolled on, while, regardless of the flight of time, I remained stretched upon that sacred grave, pouring forth alternately the lamentations of love, the groans of anguish, or the imprecations of despair. The long day passed away, the evening came and departed, and was followed by the gloomy twilight, until at length the silver moon and diamond stars glittered in the midnight sky. As I looked around on the calm of nature and the solemn magnificence of the heavens, a softer and less vehement feeling stole insensibly over my thoughts. "Ye wild solitudes," I exclaimed, "ye lofty hills, and ancient woods, and gushing fountains, and springing flowers! ye can sympathise, ye can weep with me, for ye know what I have lost! Through your deep recesses my Laura delighted to wander, or to repose beneath your quiet shade; and ye were witnesses when she vowed to me the first love of her virgin heart. But never again will ye behold her nymph-like step, and graceful form. That shape of beauty now moulders coldly in the grave, and over it my heart must break, or my tears never cease to flow!—Ye bright and

everlasting stars! it is to your realms of life and love that her pure spirit has ascended. But if the remembrance of any thing earthly ever enters an angel's thoughts, or thrills an angel's heart, I know that even in that blissful heaven I am not forgotten. Perhaps, at this moment, from some one of yonder radiant worlds, my Laura looks fondly upon me with pitying and celestial love."

As I thus spoke, my eye accidentally turned to a single star in a particular quarter of the heavens. I recognised it to be the one which Laura had once fancifully selected as her future habitation. As this recollection flashed into my mind, I instantly resolved upon the most daring project that ever mortal conceived, and which I alone of all men was able to execute. I determined to leave this world, and to seek the distant and happy sphere where my Laura now resided. I summoned my attendant devil. "Kalouf," said I, "I have good reason to suppose that Laura now inhabits yonder brilliant star. Put on your wings, and carry me there as quickly as possible." The demon gazed upwards, and sighed deeply; "that," said he, "is beyond my power; my travels are confined to the limits of earth and hell; into the fair regions of the skies I am forever for-

bidden to enter. All that I can do is to enable you to get there alone. Living, as I do, in hell, at the centre of the earth, I have found out what constitutes gravitation, and how to modify or destroy it. This mysterious principle, which pervades all nature, is the chief enemy to free motion. You shall be no longer subject to its power." Thus saying, the demon, (by a process which I do not consider myself at liberty to divulge) extracted every particle of weight from my body, and I stood upon the earth as light and free as an ethereal spirit! "Now," said Kalouf, "you know that whenever you begin to move in any direction, and meet with no obstruction, you can keep on forever with undiminished velocity. In order that you may safely reach the star which you wish to visit, it is only necessary to apply some propelling power, to be sure that you start in a straight line towards it, and to guard against starvation by the way. I will see to all these, and will attend you some thirty or forty miles of the journey, to satisfy myself that you are getting on prosperously, and keeping in the right course."

The demon then began his preparations. In an hour or two he provided a quantity of gunpowder, which he disposed with great care, so

as to operate in a particular manner. Above this he placed an immense bag of provisions, made as light as I was. I seated myself upon the bag; he applied fire to the powder below, and as it exploded I was launched into the air with a velocity far exceeding that of a cannon ball. Kalouf spread his broad black wings, and came flying along with me, (tho' it was as much as he could do to keep up,) occasionally pushing me on one side or the other, to give the proper direction to my flight.

The earth faded gradually from my sight, as I flew swiftly upwards through the blue expanse. My heart dilated with pride and exultation as I looked down upon the diminished world. "Contemptible mortals," I exclaimed, "that inhabit yonder lump of dirt, I renounce all fellowship with you, and bid you and your vile world farewell forever. While you are chained to the dull earth, and crawl like worms along its surface, I mount into the skies, and roam at pleasure through the sapphire fields of heaven. Possessed at once of the substance of a mortal and the freedom of a disembodied spirit, I can fly from star to star, and explore every quarter of the universe. Perhaps I may even scale the chrystal walls of heaven, and taste before death of joys forbidden to every other mortal."

I thus spoke in the vanity of my heart, as I rose triumphantly into the ethereal regions. But alas! soon did I repent bitterly of my foolish presumption. For some time I went on quite prosperously, and towards the end of the seventh day found myself almost in contact with the star at which I intended to stop. But, of course, I was moving in a straight line, without the power of varying its direction. Imagine my unutterable vexation and consternation, when, after a journey of so many millions of miles, I found that I would miss the planet by about fifteen inches! Kalouf and I had made some slight mistake in our calculation. For several miles I passed so near to its surface that I was continually endeavouring to grasp the tops of the trees with my hands, but alas! I could not quite reach them.

Meanwhile, as I passed along, I had a fair view of the celestial nymphs who inhabit that lovely star. They are indeed charming beyond any thing that mortal fancy ever dreamed of. Were "the statue that enchants the world," suddenly animated with a soul, and it were to step from its pedestal warm with the fresh glow of young existence, it would not look one thousandth part as beautiful. I almost thought one or two of them half equal to my

lost and adored Laura. Deeply did I lament that I could not alight, and pass the rest of my days in that delightful country. But the power which impelled me onwards was above my controul. I took a last sad look at the fair creatures whom I was never to behold again, and was hurried away with undiminished velocity into the regions of illimitable space.

As I travelled onwards, I continually hoped that some time or other I would arrive at a stopping place. I saw, and passed by, innumerable worlds, but was so unfortunate as to miss them all. The amazing things which I beheld in those strange and distant regions, I will not attempt to relate, because they utterly exceed all mortal power, either of description or of belief. I know not for how many months or years I travelled onwards. At length I seemed about to pass the utmost limits of the creation. The planets had totally faded from my sight, and the scattered rays of a few distant stars only feebly penetrated the increasing gloom. I shuddered with agony and horror as I perceived that I was leaving forever the realms of life and light, and entering the boundless solitudes where Cold and Darkness still maintain their primeval empire. Suddenly, my flight was interrupted by a wall of immeasurable height. In

this wall was a gate of immense size, through some slight crevices of which flashed forth gleams of the intensest radiance. Beside this portal there stood keeping guard a creature so prodigious that my eyes could not half discern his size "You little rascal," exclaimed the grim giant, "what are you doing here with that big bag of bread and meat? Back to the vile world from whence thou comest, and never again let me catch you in this forbidden region." Thus speaking, the huge monster seized me with his strong hand. Whirling me around his head, and giving full sweep to an arm at least a thousand miles in length, he hurled me back towards the earth with the velocity of a thunder-bolt.

I thus returned, even more rapidly than I had left it, towards my native world. The giant had thrown me with so true aim that I followed almost exactly the route by which I had come. Proceeding at the rate of about ten thousand feet in a second, in eighteen months I again beheld that world of which I thought I had taken an eternal farewell. My usual ill luck seemed again to attend me, for I found myself going a little too much to one side. Fortunately, however, I passed over the centre of the arctic circle, and thus came in contact

with the North Pole, which projects several thousand miles above the surface. I seized it, and arrested my flight; and then jumping off towards America, I landed in the state of Connecticut.

Unluckily I came down at so public a spot that my descent was witnessed by several of the inhabitants of that pious land, who instantly seized me as a conjuror, and carried me off to trial. Upon being weighed, as is usual in such cases, against a big bible, I of course was found wanting, and condemned to be burnt. Hearing this sentence pronounced, I thought it time to take to my heels; and as I could jump as far as I pleased, I had no difficulty in making my escape.

CHAPTER VIII.

On my way back to the South, I passed through Washington City. Congress was in session, and I stepped into the Senate hall, to see what was going on. Just then the Hon. Daniel Webster arose, in order to present a petition in behalf of the venerable Noah Webster, and others, his converts and disciples. The learned member introduced it with a most touching encomium on this patriarch of the birch, and grandfather of letters and spelling in America.

"Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Senate," said he, "I know but too well, (and here the peculiar modesty of the ingenuous speaker suffused his whole countenance with the deepest blushes,) that my own poor visage, ill-befitting as it is to accompany a name so glorious—clarum et venerabile nomen, that will make the name of the country that gave him birth honored and loved in the remotest regions and times—can but little recall the noble and gentle and intellectual lineaments of

the divine old man, whose portraiture, opposite to the title page of his first great production, (his spelling-book,) I doubt not is engraved on the hearts of all those who hear me."

[At this truly affecting appeal, I saw many of the distinguished personages present lay their hands, with what they call in the French Chamber of Deputies, "une tres vive sensation," upon that part of the body where Dr. Webster's image is perhaps the most legibly imprinted. "The master saw the madness rise," and felt how strongly he had struck the electric chain that bound his audience to him. With that incomparable eloquence, therefore, which places him above all other speakers,—whether he pour out his lofty strains of patriotism in praise of the Hartford Convention, or rebuke the foul spirit of Southern disaffection—whether his forcible arguments scatter dismay among the supporters of a tyrannical tariff, or his equally powerful logic enforce its justice, its constitutionality, and its expediency—he continued in the same ingenuous strain.]

"If there is any thing in my poor talents that merits the smallest part of the fame with which, (I can most unaffectedly say) I am overwhelmed, it is to the lessons of the immortal Dr. Webster, that the glory must be given.

"It is easy to see that New England, always the chosen seat of the most spotless good faith, and of patriotism the most devoted and enlarged, is destined to be as pre-eminent in learning and the elegant arts, as she already is in the Arcadian simplicity and guilelessness of her manners. In short, that, joining the Doric severity to the Ionian elegance, in her rarely-compounded character, it is inevitable that she must become the "magna parens" of taste, of learning, and of politeness, to all the less favored regions of our land. Happily for the benighted morals and intellects of our Southern neighbors, heaven, in its wise and benificent designs, has implanted in the breasts of all genuine New-Englanders, a sacred desire of propagating every where the virtues which, but for their humanizing efforts, would remain almost peculiar to themselves. Overrunning, in their self-devoting labors, the most inaccessible, the most inhospitable shores—missionaries, every where, of the divine cause of integrity and knowledge and disinterestedness—"pilgrims," still, to every shrine where freedom may be worshipped, and gain despised—they are always seen to attach themselves to no objects but the improvement of those around them, and the cultivation of an

unimpeachable character. I have known full many a lawyer of the finest talents, abjuring the ease and dignity of a competence in Hartford or Providence, to fix himself in some such degraded place as Richmond or Charleston, merely that he might impart to the low and vulgar practice of their courts, the nobler arts of a New England pleader. Yea, such is their zeal for the comfort and improvement of the poor people among whom they carry their talents and virtues, that I have often known men of the most eminent attainments, in migrating, as lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, to the South, to take their carriages full of checked handkerchiefs and tin ware, (articles there much used by those who are rich enough to buy them) and these they distributed along the roads where they passed, for a price next to nothing.

"It is time, that the elegant and profound genius of New-England should be emancipated from the sordid occupations to which it is too often condemned—that the talents which can alone enlighten the rest of the nation, should be at once placed above the "res augusta domi." It is utterly unfit, that the abilities and the virtues which have constantly dedicated themselves to the good of mankind, and scorn-

ed all low considerations of present gain and temporary popularity, should any longer languish for the want of a little of that wholesome stimulus, which the most learned political economists have consented to denominate 'money.'

"I will, at no remote day, do myself the honour of calling the attention of Congress to a general project for the advancement of learning and taste in America, by rescuing from the neglect, into which the jealous artifices of European authors have caused them to fall, those wonderful achievements of our early writers, which gained them, in their day, such prodigious applauses, amongst those best of all possible judges of merit, themselves. A complete conspiracy has, as is but too natural, combined the men of letters of all other nations, ancient and modern, against a literature which, it is easy to see, is destined, soon or late, to overwhelm all others. I doubt not, therefore, but that this House, with the same inspired patriotism which has hitherto made it so wisely postpone all advantages of the nearer generations, to those which shall exist a thousand years hence, will hasten, by forcing the scholars of the present times to adopt the true models of an original and peculiar literature, to bring on that golden age of science, taste, po-

liteness, and religion, which Massachusetts and her peerless sisters were born to produce. A large part of the country—I may say the whole, if magnitude were measured by worthiness—is amply prepared for these measures. Were it not for the Southern States, those continual dead weights upon every thing great and glorious amongst us, New England might swiftly overleap the centuries that interpose between her and the fulness of her future glory, and shine at once in the acknowledged ascendancy of her consummate fame. Unfitly linked, therefore, as she is, to companions so uncongenial, some reparation is due her for this sacrifice, by which she, who might so easily be the instructress of all mankind, consents to be nothing more than the mistress and enlightener of these states.

"The design of my project is, to apply to those things which are of the growth of the understanding, the same noble and philosophical principles which have been accompanied with such distinguished benefits, when made to act upon our trade and industry. Nothing else will be necessary than a few effective measures of protection to our home productions, in order to confer upon us a superiority as decided in moral workmanship, as we have

already obtained in all physical handicrafts. It is well known that extensive and active manufactories of all intellectual wares, from the light and airy fabrics of the poet, to the ponderous and solid ones of the mathematician and divine, have long existed in most parts of New England. Of these institutions it is acknowledged to be the remarkable peculiarity, that they alone give to their pupils such a general proficiency, that they rarely fail to be equally skillful in all the sciences and all the arts. Their scholars are generally good tailors, saddlers, shoemakers, and hatters—not uninformed in joinery, upholstery, and shipbuilding—singularly expert as masons, stonecutters, architects, and civil engineers—excellent at the making, (and eke the drinking) of beer, cider, and switchell.

"To these diversified talents, the greater part of them add no slight knowledge in the noble art of making a bargain—in singing psalms with the genuine evangelical twang and snuffle—and in exercising a very keen tho' innocent inspection into the domestic secrets of their neighbours. These lighter and more elegant accomplishments are further adorned with many other amiable and gentle qualities of the heart, which make them every where the delight and

admiration of those among whom they inhabit or sojourn.

"Besides all this, they are as temperate as Kentuckians, benevolent and disinterested as Ohians, intelligent as Pennsylvanians, modest as New-Yorkers, brave as Virginians, and generous and corteous as South Carolinians. They are invariably skilled in dentistry, surgery, and medicine—in compounding and imitating all kinds of drugs—in jurisprudence and peddling —in theology, and the making of tin ware. Besides their own Attic dialect, they are occasionally able to speak, if not to write, the vulgar English of the Southern States, and of Great Britain. In the other modern tongues they are so skillful as to have introduced very extensive Castilianisms into the Spanish—to have largely corrected and reformed the Parisian pronunciation—to have restored the true Tuscano-Roman speech, which had latterly begun to degenerate—and to have brought about a perfect amalgamation of Saxon and Low Dutch, which has been so long a great desideratum in German literature.

"Joining to all these eminent attainments an accurate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek grammars, and a considerable knowledge of the smaller chatechism, they are, for the

most part, singularly fitted to become authors of gigantic dictionaries, singing masters, Presidents of Colleges, bar keepers, extensive merchants, lecturers on botany and astronomy, venders of wooden clocks, missionaries among the Indians and Southerners, professors of mathematics, fire kings, and dealers in a new growth of nutmegs.

"Their deep researches into the mysteries of nature, have also led them to the discovery of many astonishing secrets—how to make gun flints out of horn, and diamonds of charcoal—indigo out of flour, and chocolate and olive-oil out of ground nuts—sewing thread out of wood, mustard out of corn meal, twenty four sheets of paper out of seventeen—cigars more exquisite than the genuine Havanna out of oak leaves, and a great variety of salutary and precious medicines out of pine bark

"I will not, because I am sure that I need not, further detain the senate by expatiating on the universal talents and virtues which are by the whole world acknowledged to belong to the New England character. Still less need I argue in support of the proposition which I am about to submit for your consideration, because its *justice* is self-evident—its *policy* has been declared by this body, and has already

become the settled and profitable system of the country—and the *principle* upon which it is founded, is the inestimable privilege for which our ancestors of "76 fought and died, and to secure which they established this glorious Union.

"I do not propose at present to submit my whole plan for the encouragement and protection of Northern learning and genius, but to begin with a single and primary branch. I adopt this course, in order that those narrow-minded opposers of every thing new and useful, the people of the Southern States, and particularly of South Carolina, may be by degrees overpowered in the resistance which I doubt not they will ungenerously endeavour to make to it. By our next session the provisions of the act may be so enlarged as to embrace every other branch of letters, and extend to the prohibition of books and writings of all kinds from England and every other country. So that henceforth we may not be indebted to foreigners for any portion of our ideas concerning morals, history, poetry, language, physic, mathematics, politics, philosophy, geography, or any other science or subject whatever. In order to accomplish these great purposes, I offer the following bill:

"An Act concerning Webster's Spelling Book, and to define the powers of the President.

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled;* That on and after the third day of March next, it shall not be lawful for any boy, girl, child, or infant, or any other person or persons whatsoever, within the limits of the United States, to learn or study their ab abs and eb ebs out of any other Spelling Book than the "American Spelling Book," invented by Dr. Noah Webster.

"Sec. 2. The sole use of the said spelling book of Noah Webster being enjoined, and the introduction of all others prohibited, it is hereby declared that all boys, girls, infants, children, schoolmasters, parents, and guardians, who fail to use it, or surreptitiously seek to learn from the spelling books of Murray, Dilworth, and similar authors—and all printers and stationers who attempt to print or publish, and all merchants and traders who endeavour to import or vend, any other such forbidden spelling books—shall be considered guilty of treason against the United States, and be punished accordingly. And to secure the observance of this act, the Army and Navy of the United States are placed at the disposal of the

President, and it is hereby declared to be his high and sacred duty to enforce it at all hazards."

The bill passed by a vote of 31 to 15.

CHAPTER IX.

I now found myself, as it were, entered anew into the world. But it was a world which now contained, in its whole wide compass, nothing that I loved, except the memory of Laura. Without her, the earth had no beauty, and existence no charm. All joy, all passion, all hope, had perished with her, and had left me no other desire than to share her place of rest. Sweeter far to me than the loftiest throne of power, or the downiest couch of pleasure, would have been the repose of that quiet grave. Alike through the joyless day, and the haunted slumbers of the night, one ceaseless anguish, one undying regret, filled every thought and every dream. The image of my buried love, cold, dead, mouldering in the grave, was forever present to my remembrance. The universe was spread in a dreary calmness around me, and seemed only a wide mausoleum of her whom I had lost! An utter melancholy overpowered me, so dark and deep that its gloomy cloud extinguished all enjoyment, and

excluded all light from my soul. I sat for hours and days wrapped in intense despair, motionless, gazing on vacancy, enduring a torture like that of the Titan, while the vulture Memory preyed on my agonized heart. I longed for death, and was impatient of its delay: but I had been alike instructed by the ancient stoic and the modern Christian not to anticipate its hour. Existence, therefore, however wearisome and hateful, was to be borne until its allotted period should come to an end.

The moralists of every age had taught that in earnest employment in the duties of life, in active and virtuous exertion, is to be found the best antidote against painful remembrance. I resolved, therefore, to mingle again in the affairs of mankind; and hoped that perhaps the extinguished lamp of passion might be rekindled at the shrine of glory and ambition: or at least that the pursuit or the possession of those things which other men most covet, might supply some balm to heal, or anodyne to soothe, my individual suffering. Joining in the general contest for power and fame, I carried with me an energy of purpose which nothing but despair could have inspired, and which rendered me eminently successful in acquiring all that I sought for, except the *oblivion* which

alone I desired. I explored the realms of science and philosophy, and roamed through the elysium of poetry. I entered the legislative halls, and the arena of politics, and endeavoured to instruct and to benefit my country. I joined the ranks of war, and, on many a well-fought field, beneath the sometimes triumphant, yet oftener trampled banner of struggling Freedom, my step was the first in the advance, and the last in the retreat.

Chiefly, however, I devoted myself to the contemplation and study of inanimate Nature. I had always possessed an enthusiastic admiration of her charms, and I now roamed from country to country, with scarcely any other purpose than to view her under different aspects, and to gaze upon her face forever varied, and forever lovely. I beheld the sun rise from the Atlantic wave in all the gorgeous magnificence of his ocean drapery, and his setting beams tinge with rose-hues the summits of the Alpine mountains. I stood on the far shores of the northern seas, and saw the arctic lights stream over the illumined sky, and fill all heaven with their phantasmagorial splendour. I gazed on the clear blue summer sky from the solitary forests of the Allegany, and saw the mountain eagle cleaving its deep expanse with

his broad strong pinions. I viewed the mighty ruins of the ancient civilized world, and the ivy-covered castles of the Baronial ages, and the gorgeous palaces of the capitals of modern Europe. I strayed along the banks of the Teviot, the Tweed, the Arno, and the Rhine: I wandered through England in the autumn, through Italy in the summer, and through France in the season of the vintage. I sailed amidst the spice-islands of the Indian seas, and reposed beneath the odorous shade of Chili's boundless forests. I roamed through the interminable prairies of the Missouri, during their early solitude, when mine was the first step, save that of the Indian, which had ever trod the flowery waste. On land and on wave, on mountain and on plain, in sunshine and in storm, I wooed the loveliness of Nature; and, in communion with her sacred spirit, endeavoured to lose the sense of my own loneliness and despair. But it was in vain—It was in vain that I ransacked the realms of learning, the heights of power, the world of imagination and of reality, in search of the talisman of *forgetfulness*. Never, either in the society of the gay and the wise, or in the lonely pursuit of knowledge, or in the daring visions of ambition, or in the pompous senate-hall, or on the

crimson battle field, or in the crowded city, or amidst the solitude of unpeopled nature—never, my buried Love! wert thou for one moment forgotten or undeplored.

Finding that the world contained nothing which I could value, and that the consuming anguish within me was rapidly wearing away my frame, and bringing my existence to its close, I resolved again to visit Laura's grave, and to pass the rest of my days in solitude beside it: in order that I might at least enjoy the only melancholy pleasure which remained to me; that of breathing my last sigh over her ashes, and of mingling my own with them in death. I repaired to the spot, and constructed for myself a rude shelter in the recesses of the forest. Every day I passed many hours at Laura's grave, in the indulgence of a grief which Time, contrary to his usual wont, seemed rather to increase than to assuage. Occasionally I endeavoured to abstract and employ my mind in poetical composition, and produced verses, which at least possessed the merit of sincerity. The following are given as a specimen:

ELEGY.

Fair maid! that didst so early die,
In blooming beauty's vernal glow,
For thee shall breathe the ceaseless sigh,
For thee the eternal tear shall flow!

Of all that once my heart held dear,
Sad thought can dwell on thee alone;
Thy image, bright, and pure, and fair,
Still reigns supreme on memory's throne.

At dewy morn, and evening cold,
I duly to thy grave repair,
To kiss the green and hallow'd mould,
And shed the sad and silent tear;

And strew the flowers that earliest bloom,
Around thy couch of dreamless rest,
And bid the cold and ponderous tomb
Press gently on thy virgin breast.

But thou, on that eternal shore,
Where all is peaceful, pure, and bright,
With angel wing now wander'st o'er
The boundless realms of Life and Light:

Or sitt'st, with starry glory crown'd,
And immortality divine,
Where seraphs pour their songs around
Almighty Love's* resplendent shrine:

---

*"God is love." 1st John, Chapter 4, Verse 16.

Or restest 'neath the green array
Of ceaseless spring's Elysian shade,
And dream'st eternity away,
In bliss that cannot fly or fade.

But if the thrill of sad regret
Celestial bosoms e'er may move,
Thy lover is remember'd yet,
And pitied with an angel's love!

Oh, ne'er again can Hope relume
Her flame of joy within my breast;
I only wish to share thy tomb,
And slumber in its lonely rest.

How sweet that calm and silent sleep,
Untroubled by a thought or dream!
Unfelt the tears of night would weep,
Unseen the smiles of day might beam.

There, by no torturing memory torn,
My soul all sorrow will resign—
My throbbing heart will cease to burn—
My mouldering dust will mix with thine!

Several times I had observed something like a human form wandering amidst the trees around me, and fancied, more than once, that I saw the white waving of a woman's robe. But the object was so indistinct that at first I little regarded it, and thought that perhaps the

motion of the foliage had deceived my vision. At length, however, it approached so near that I perceived it to be a lady of a fine person and exceedingly graceful movement. There was that in her air (for the distance prevented my seeing her features) which seemed not unfamiliar to me; or which at least awoke something like a vague recollection. I approached her; but as I did so she retired along the path which had formerly led to Mr Douglas's residence. I felt myself irresistibly impelled to obtain a nearer view, and, hastening my steps, overtook her. She turned around—Sacred heavens! was it possible! could I believe my senses?—Yes, it is, it is Laura herself; it is my own Laura, so long lost, so deeply lamented, whom I now clasped to my throbbing and transported heart!

Seven years, it is true, had not passed without having wrought some change in her person, but to my delighted gaze she seemed even lovelier than ever. The flower of her early beauty had now expanded into the glory of its prime. In her appearance enough of youthful freshness still remained, blended with a more majestic gracefulness of person, and a loftier tone of intellectual expression.

Mutual explanations ensued. It will be recollected that when I left Mr. Douglas's to prepare for my marriage, Kalouf had remained behind. From him, during my absence, Laura accidentally learnt the secret of the bargain which existed between me and the devil, and the fate which my marrying her would bring upon me. Her love for me made her at once resolve that I should not incur the penalty. Knowing that argument would never induce me to resign her, she determined to withdraw herself from me by pretended death. This scheme was executed, and succeeded as I have related. She had herself witnessed, concealed at a little distance from her supposed grave, my preparations for leaving the earth, though without any suspicion of my design until she saw me actually take flight.

With even more than my former passion I now urged an immediate union. To this, however, there still existed the same obstacle as before, and for several days all my pleading was ineffectual. During this time I observed, without knowing what to think of it, that Laura had several earnest conferences with Kalouf. At length, after the last and longest of them, with a look of mingled exultation and sadness,

she consented to be mine, and we were soon afterwards married.

I omitted to say that since my return from the skies, regardless of the services of Kalouf, I had been without his attendance. It was not until the recovery of Laura that I had again summoned him. Immediately after my marriage I called him to me. "Build me instantly," said I, "a magnificent house of white marble." It was finished in two days. "Now place in my room an iron chest containing a million of guineas." This was done in an hour. "Now take yourself back to hell; I have no further occasion for your services." "You will yet see me again," said the demon, with a spiteful scowl, as he disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

For many years afterwards, my career was as prosperous as possible. I lived in the most splendid manner, a numerous family grew up in goodly array before me, and every thing around breathed of wealth, happiness, and honour. I had filled various important offices with applause, and was now looking to the last and the highest. I pass over the details of this part of my life, which would occupy too much space, and proceed to the —th of October, 183–. After a busy day, I was calmly seated by the parlour fireside, about 9 o'clock at night, with the newspapers before me. My wife was by my side—several of the eldest of our nine sons and daughters joined in our conversation—while the younger ones were gamboling over the carpet. The room displayed every thing that taste or luxury could desire, and wore the comfortable and genial air which a blazing hearth bestows. A pattering rain which beat against the windows, and the voice of the coming winter which sighed in the gale without,

contrasted with all these, and added to their charm; and the whole formed a scene of happiness and contentment, into which it seemed that no thoughts or shapes of evil could intrude. I was deeply engaged in calculating what States would go for, and what others against me, in the approaching election for President, when suddenly ———————— my old acquaintance, the Devil, stood before me!

I was scarcely less amazed than horror-struck. In my various reverses of sorrow and of joy I had kept little note of the flight of time, and suspected not how swiftly it had moved. I supposed that I had at least a dozen good years left; instead of which, the whole thirty were now at an end!

But the King of hell appeared not now in the softened guise with which I had seen him clothed at our former interview. He came now not to beguile and win, but to claim, his victim. His figure seemed more colossal, a fiercer wrath kindled up his features, and a gloomier grandeur was seated on his brow. A diabolic grin of malicious exultation somewhat relaxed his countenance, only to render it more terrible, as he fixed upon us the glare of his large and fiery eyes.

He had on the same old blue coat that I had seen him wearing thirty years before. Its enormous pockets seemed stuffed fuller than ever with papers. He thrust his hand into one of them, and pulled out a large bundle, tied with red tape. "I think," said he, "the time of your bond is nearly run out: let's see; here it is—no, this is a lien I have on the chairman of the committee of manufactures in the House of Representatives, who drew up the tariff act of 1832: the three members from South Carolina who voted for said bill are also included.—This is another lien, on the President of the United States, who threatened his native State with the bayonet, in case she attempted to defend her liberty. This is the bond of the old woman who edits the Richmond Enquirer: she hopes to become an ambassador, but I think will miss it. This is the compact of a big South Carolina general: he expects to be made sheriff, down yonder, but I know better than to trust him.—Ah, here's your bond, at last; it is due this night, at twenty five minutes after nine o'clock."

The large clock before me pointed to within ten minutes of the time! Who can tell the agony which thrilled my heart, as I prepared to

take leave of Laura and happiness forever!—But it was to her that the Devil addressed himself. "Come, Madam," said he, bowing very low, "please to get ready. I must immediately have the pleasure of your company to hell."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed I. "I am your victim; but, thank heaven, I alone. Upon that pure and angelic creature you can have no claim."

"You are mistaken;" said he, "I have a claim, so legal that heaven itself cannot save her from me. Here is her bond, signed by her own hand, by which she is now forfeit to my power. I see, sir, that this was done without your knowledge. You are to understand that a few days before your marriage, Laura sent Kalouf to me, requesting an interview. She there proposed that I should take her, as a substitute for you. To that I consented, and in exchange for your bond she gave me her own; of which I now demand, and will have payment."

This was indeed too true. Laura's generous love had prompted her to the heroic act of sacrificing herself, in order to save me. It was in vain that I now entreated and implored the Devil to take me instead of her—it was in vain that I vehemently urged that I was his

proper victim. He was inexorable. "Since the time of Eve," said he, "there has been upon this earth nothing in female shape that I have been so anxious to possess, as your Laura. When I bear away to the regions of pain and darkness her whom the Creator formed to give new lustre to the glory of his own courts, how will it fill with shame and vexation my enemies in heaven!"

"However," continued he, "I have a variety of business to attend to, which will occupy me upon earth for nearly a week. It will probably be four days before I return to hell. I will leave you until then to get ready to accompany me. I will also make an offer which will afford you a chance of escape. Provided that you will deliver to me the souls of twenty five other persons, I will take them as a substitute for yours, and agree to cancel your bond." Thus speaking, the Devil disappeared.

I instantly set to work, and published the following advertisement.

"WANTED TO PURCHASE,

Immediately, *twenty five souls*. Being very anxious to obtain them, and having abundance of money, the subscriber is willing to allow a high price, and to pay the cash down."

HENRY TREVOR.

Expecting of course great difficulty in finding persons willing to sell, I employed most of the day in circulating this notice as much as possible. Upon returning to my house, however, I found several hundred persons already assembled to treat with me. I perceived that they were all Yankees.

"Well, my friend," said I, accosting one of them, "what will you take for your soul?"

"What are you going to do with it?" enquired he.

"I want it to go to hell in my place." I replied.

"In that case," said the Yankee, "it will not be a small sum which will persuade me to sell it. Who can calculate the worth of an immortal soul? It is more precious than much ointment and sweet spices—The blessed Saviour died to redeem it—It is destined to joy in heaven, or to pain in hell eternal—I will not take less than ten dollars in specie for my soul."

"Very well," said I, "I will give it to you; tho' I am by no means sure that I am not paying more than its value."

The above may serve as a specimen of my purchases. I soon bought the twenty five, at prices varying from two to ten dollars, as the fear or avarice of the seller predominated,

Towards the last, as the company perceived that my number was nearly made up, great competition was excited, and of course prices fell exceedingly. I could then have bought as many as I pleased, for next to nothing. Those who had not sold, went away bitterly bewailing their disappointment.

After paying to each man his money, I locked up my new purchases in a safe room, telling them that in three days I would deliver them to the devil. There they remained, very busily engaged in swapping clothes and trading with each other; and I was informed that by night there was not a single one of them who had not made at least six dollars by his speculations.

The Devil returned punctual to the time. I now met him without fear, and producing my twenty five substitues, demanded a receipt in full.

"Mr. Trevor," said he, looking scornful and offended, "I had a better opinion of you than to suppose that you would attempt to cheat me in this shameful manner. Do you think to pay my debt to me in that which is my own property already? This is the same as if you owed your neighbour twenty five cattle, and were to go into his field and take beasts with his brand

on them, and offer them to him as payment. These men all have my mark upon them. And besides, to put the matter on another ground, this is no compliance with my offer, for these creatures have no souls. I will shew you.

The Devil, it is to be understood, is a wonderfully skillful chemist, and knows how to analyse all substances, whether material or spiritual. In a few minutes he erected a furnace, seized one of the Yankees, and disengaged from the body that which in these animals supplies the place of a soul. It stood up before us, a thing utterly strange and undescribable. He put it into a large crucible, reduced it to a fluid mass, and then separated the component parts.

It consisted of

	Parts in a Thousand
Cunning	125
Hypocrisy	125
Avarice	125
Falsehood	125
Sneakingness	125
Nameless and numberless small vices	140
Essence of Onions, New England Rum, Molasses, and Cod-Fish	235
	1000

"There," said the Devil, holding it up, "do you call that thing *a soul.*"

With a furious and exasperated look, the King of Hell was now just about to seize Laura in his horrid clutches, when at that moment there came a subordinate demon, in great haste. "My leige," exclaimed he, "the Unionists are holding a meeting in Charleston. You are wanted there immediately." At this news, the Devil, delighted, flew away instantly, saying to me that he would return the next day.

CHAPTER XI.

Obtaining thus another short respite, I endeavoured to bethink myself of some other method of escape. At that time there were in South Carolina three famous conjurors, who were said to have performed many astonishing feats, all over the country. I went to them, related my case, and entreated them, if it were possible, to devise means for my relief. Assuring me that there was but one effectual plan, they retired into a large apartment, and began their magical rites.

They set out a large pot, nearly filled with water from the Savannah river. They threw into it the writings of Jefferson—the Crisis, by Turnbull—the speeches of M'Duffie, Hayne, &c—a parcel of bones gathered from the battle-fields of the Revolution—and a variety of other powerful ingredients. They placed under it, as fuel, large quantities of a newspaper called the "Columbia Telescope," which presently took fire, by its own internal heat, and blazed upwards with a ruddy and intense flame.

Of these conjurors, one was a tall and slender man, with an eye of extraordinary brilliancy, and a southern impetuosity of speech and manner. He had just arrived at that age when the intellect is strongest, and ambition is most ardent He was distinguished by the loftiest talents, and the purest integrity. In his presence, almost every one felt that undescribable power, by which the superior spirit sways the minds of other men with an indefineable and commanding charm. He for the most part sat still, waving his wand, and reading from a paper dated, "Pendleton, July 26th, 1831," and called an "Exposition."

The second was not large in stature, but well formed, with dark hair, thick whiskers, and a very military air. His sparkling black eye was lit up with humour, wit, and uncommon fire. His whole mein and bearing indicated that a tenement of clay was never animated by a spirit more ardent, enthusiastic, and determined. Every chivalrous quality adorned his character, and had procured him the appropriate appellation of "the Bayard of the South." He looked as if there was nothing whatever of noble enterprize which he would fear to attempt—or which, having undertaken, he would ever abandon while earth or heaven

afforded means for its accomplishment. He stirred the pot.

The third was about six feet two inches high, and thirty seven years of age. His hair prematurely thinned and tinged with grey, gave fully to view his broad, lofty, and receding forehead. His eye was large, full, and grey—his person exceedingly noble and majestic—and every movement and every gesture was the perfection of manly gracefulness. He was possessed of an eloquence scarcely surpassed by that of his ancestor, the famous orator of Virginia, and which seemed sufficient to animate any heart, except that of a submissionist, with the same passionate spirit of courage and love of liberty which burned in his own. His speaking features glowed with the expression of such transcendant genius, generosity, courage, and magnanimity, as heaven and nature only bestow, at rare intervals, upon some favourite child.—He spoke the incantation.

O mighty Spirit, whom the Power Supreme,
To guard and vindicate the sacred cause
Of liberty and justice hath appointed—
Thou who, upon a thousand battle-fields,
In the oppressor's and the tyrant's blood
Hast bath'd thy burning lance—O Goddess, now,
We pray that thou to us wilt refuge give,
Beneath thy broad invulnerable shield—

In every age and every clime, thou still
Hast been ador'd by all whose generous souls
Love glory, and prefer even death to shame—
Thy presence hallow'd each triumphant field
Where Liberty has been preserv'd or won,
Or the warm current of the patriot's heart
Pour'd forth in its defence,—Thermopylæ,
And Marathon, and Eutaw, and Kings' Mountain,
Still wear the glory that thy footsteps shed;
And lasting as the deep-fix'd earth itself,
Shall be the memories that hover over them.

The coward and the slave may fear to look upon
The radiance of thy awful countenance;
But to thy children pleasant is the sight,
As in thy terrible beauty thou dost come,
And nations are affrighted at thy name.

Through thee we hope deliverance and peace;
But yet, if blood must flow, unterrified,
And trusting still to Providence and thee,
We'll do our duty in our country's cause,
Even tho' Death himself, on his pale horse,
Should lead the charge against us.

In olden times
Our fathers worshipped at thy holy shrine,
And proudly waved, on many a well-fought field,
Thy bright victorious banner. Aid us now,
And thy pure temple soon rebuilt shall rise,
And in our land thy worship shall endure
To all eternity—
Goddess, arise!
By all the wrongs of this oppressed land—

By all the blood for freedom ever shed—
And by our rights—and by our fathers' graves—
And by the soil beneath—and heaven above—
We call upon thee—
In the hallow'd name
Of Jefferson, thy high priest—and in the name
Of the chief good, divinest Liberty,
We call upon thee—appear, appear, appear—

As the words of power were spoken, the thick vapour which arose from the boiling cauldron, and filled the whole apartment, gradually gathered itself together, and became condensed into the shape of a beautiful and glorious female Spirit. Her figure was of supernatural size, and displayed the perfection of symmetry and grace. A flood of rosy light was poure around her person, which shone with the ineffable loveliness of eternal youth. A shining helmet was on her brow, beneath which long waving hair as bright as sunbeams flowed over her uncovered shoulders. In one hand she held a flaming sword, and in the other an olive branch, while on her left arm hung a broad and glittering shield. Her eyes sparkled with celestial fire, and their glance alone seemed sufficient to strike terror into whole armies. A robe, like that of a Grecian goddess, flowed lightly around her. It was of pure white, with

here and there a few streaks of a crimson hue. Her whole form was invested with such beauty and such majesty as immortality alone may wear; and would have been too dazzling to look upon, but that a placid shade softened the fierceness of the radiance, and made it tolerable to human sense.

The magnificent Spirit smiled benignly, and bidding us dismiss our fear, took Laura by the hand, while I placed myself at her side. The time for the return of the Devil had now arrived. Accordingly, presently he came flying in, his countenance inflamed with wrath and impatience. The first object that met his eyes was our angelic protectress. "What's that?" inquired he, in the utmost astonishment. "That," said I, "is NULLIFICATION!" At that awful name, the Devil, with a shriek of horror and consternation, instantly took to flight; and I have neither seen nor heard from him since. Should he ever hereafter attempt to molest me, he shall be again NULLIFIED.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 50, line 15, for "those," read, these.
Page 81, line 7, for "corteous," read, courteous,
Page 77, line 25, for "augusta" read angusta.
Page 81, last line, for chatechism, read catechism.